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The Late Sir George Williams

The Father of the Y.M.C.A.

The life story of Sir George Williams, who passed to his rest on Monday, November 6, is a long record of unwearying public beneficence and faithful Christian service. His fame is due to the fact that more than sixty years ago he founded an organization which now extends throughout the civilized world; but quite apart from his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, he has ever been to the front in all kinds of social and religious work. Throughout a strenuous and highly successful business career, he has ever lived the Christian life, and has kept the Christian ideal steadfastly before his eyes. Born in Somersetshire, in October, 1821, he was educated at Gloyne's School, Tiverton. When quite a lad, he was called upon to earn his own living, and secured a situation at a drapery establishment in Bridgewater. Even in his youth he was moved by an earnest Christian impulse, and when he came to London at the age of twenty he was already armed against the temptations of the great city. He entered the establishment of Mr. George Hitchcock, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and in more ways than one, considering his peculiarly sensitive temperament and the influence of association, was fortunate in his environment. In the social and worldly sense his career under the shadow of St. Paul's did not lack romance and drama. He married his master's daughter, and succeeded to the headship of a great business. In one sense, his life was another of those fairy tales which happened to be true. The young man, inspired by a zealous desire to render Christian service, soon made his influence felt in his new surroundings. Other young men who were followers of Christ entered the establishment, and he joined with them in holding meetings in a bedroom for prayer and Bible study. One by one other employees in the firm joined them, and every week there were fresh evidences that the efforts of these young enthusiasts were abundantly blessed. It was in 1844 that the first steps towards forming the Y.M.C.A. were taken. One Sunday evening early in that year, George Williams and a friend were making their way to Surrey Chapel. The conversation then took place between the two young men which was to lead to such great results. Mr. Williams remarked how splendid it would be if religious services such as they enjoyed could be held in all the large establishments in London, and suggested that they should start a movement with that object in view. His companion entered heartily into the scheme, and from this brief Sabbath evening conversation the Y.M.C.A., with all its ramifications, sprang. Sixty years ago the Y.M.C.A. met in a modest room in Blackfriars, the rent of which was half a crown a week. It was moved to Gresham street and Aldersgate street, and eventually in 1881 to Exeter Hall, the name of which is a history in itself. To-day the membership is 710,000, and the approximate value of the buildings owned by associations is over £6,800,000. It was due to the action of George Williams that Exeter Hall was purchased. In 1880 he gave a contribution of £5,000, conditional upon others joining him, for the purpose of securing the building. Upon the death of the philanthropical Earl of Shaftesbury, he succeeded him in the presidency of the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Williams, as he was then, had the co-operation in those days of many eminent men of all denominations, and among laymen the late Earl Cairns and Mr. Samuel Morley were conspicuous. Sir George Williams was deeply interested in the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London City Mission, the Church Missionary Society, the Band of Hope Union, and many kindred organizations. His last public appearance was at the sixty-first anniversary meeting of the London Central Young Men's Christian Association, but a short time before was accorded a great ovation from upwards of 1,000 delegates, representing no fewer than twenty-five separate countries of the world, on the occasion of the jubilee conference of the Young Men's Christian Association's World's Alliance, held in Paris in April of the present year. He was knighted in 1894, and the occasion served to show how wide was the circle of his friends and admirers. Sir George Williams, indeed, won friends even more by his sweet and lovable character than by his many acts of public service. Just now it is well to quote the words he uttered only a few months ago: 'My last legacy—and it is a precious one—is the Young Men's Christian Association. I leave it to you, beloved young men of many countries, to carry on and extend. I hope you will be as happy in the work as I have been, and more successful, for this will mean blessedness to your own souls, and to the souls of multitudes of others.' It has been truly remarked by one who knew him well that Sir George was one of the most modest and un-

THE LATE SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Our New Serial Story.

In ordering your papers for next year, be sure to secure the New Year's Number of the 'Northern Messenger,' in which the first instalment of our new serial will appear. Your scholars will not want to miss a single number.

assuming of men, and was regarded with a very real affection and respect by all who knew him. The interests of the Young Men's Christian Association constituted the centre of his life, and the building of it up and the direction of it was his great work. But he was also President of the Band of Hope, a Temperance organization for children. He was always an earnest Temperance reformer, himself a rigid teetotaler. But it has been mentioned as an indication of the liberal-mindedness of the man that in his great house of business in St. Paul's Churchyard there was no enforcement of teetotalism. If his young men would take their employer's advice, they would become teetotalers; but if they chose to have a glass of beer with their meals, it was supplied to them. He would not, however, tolerate any smoking-room on the premises. Smoking, indeed, he abominated, and he would afford no facilities for it either in his house of business or in the institution which he had founded, and over whch he presided. Sir George, as we have said, married the daughter of his employer. This was in 1853, and he had a family of five sons and one daughter. The daughter died some years ago. Of the sons, three were brought up to the business, one became a solicitor, and another took Orders in the Church of England. All sorts of people expressed their admiration of Sir George Williams's life-work. The Corporation of the City of London in 1894 conferred upon him the honorary freedom of the City. Appreciation of the work of the Association founded by Sir George Williams has been expressed by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who recently sent a special contribution, President Roosevelt, the German Emperor, and Czar of Russia, while Viceroys of India and Governor-Generals of Canada and Australia have testified to its usefulness. Four successive Archbishops of Canterbury have also given the work the seal of their approval. The great and invaluable organization of which he was founder, and of which he was the ruling spirit for considerably more than fifty years, has its centre not only here in London, and throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, but throughout the British possessions, and in nearly every foreign country. Wherever there is a Young Men's Christian Association there the name of George Williams is held in affectionate honor, and the news of his death has brought a sense of personal loss.—'Christian Globe.'

Threw it Away.

A young couple came home from Sabbath evening service. The sermon had been an earnest appeal to all who did not already belong to Christ to decide for him at once. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Marks were Christians. They had both often thought about the subject, but to-night it seemed to come home to them in an unusual way, and each felt that the question must be decided one way or the other at once, as there might not come another opportunity. They said nothing about the matter to each other, but lay awake for many hours. At last the wife said to herself, 'I will,' and turned over and went calmly to sleep. Her husband lay awake two hours more, and at last, wearied with tossing and restlessness, he said, 'I will not decide this now.' Immediately there went from him all desire to become a Christian, and he went easily to sleep. His wife became a lovely Christian, following her Master closely, blessed in all she put her hand to; but her husband never seemed to have a care about his soul, and to all entreaties of his wife and friends that he should give his heart to the Saviour, he would reply, 'I had my chance once and threw it away. I have no more feeling on the subject.'—Selected.

Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those who secured the awards expected them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the "Witness" Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the "Witness." In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for last week, with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Nov. 20. Monday, J. E. McIntosh, Breadalbane, Ont..$3.00
Nov. 21. Tuesday, James Bell, Kars, Ont... .. .. .. 6.00
Nov. 22. Wednesday, Rev. E. Scott, Montreal, Que... 4.00
Nov. 23. Thursday, Robt. Miller, St. Eustache, Que... 3.00
Nov. 24. Friday, Mrs. F. Wagg, Mindemoya, Ont.... 1.60
Nov. 25. Saturday, D. McBride, Port Perry, Ont.. .. 3.00

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free.

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

See our JUBILEE OFFERS on another page.

A Skeptic Tested.

If men generally who profess disbelief in Christianity would put the word of God to a fair test, as was done in the following case, they would only be doing the fair and reasonable thing:

A minister living in a community where skepticism and infidelity had led many astray, gave a series of discourses on the evidence of Christianity. Of course, more or less of his opposers were present, and on the last night of the series, a prominent infidel came in. At the close of a very impressive meeting the speaker said, in a spirit of tenderness:

'There may be, and doubtless are, some here to-night who do not believe as I do, and who do not accept the truth of the Bible. If there are any such, if there is one willing to come forward and test this question of vital interest to every soul, I invite him to the platform:

On the instant, the infidel referred to came forward and said:

'I do not believe your doctrines, I cannot accept them.'

'But,' said the clergyman, 'you have denounced for years that which you have never tested. Are you willing that I, who have tried Christianity and feel its truths, shall be your teacher, and will you submit to my directions? You say that you are honest in your belief, and in an honest spirit you will meet me.'

'I do thus meet you, and I will allow you to be my teacher.'

'Then,' said the godly man, 'kneel by my side and repeat the simple words, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"'

'But,' was the reply, 'I do not believe in your teachings.'

'Well, you say you are honest, and are willing to test this question; if so, you will heed my directions.'

The audience, in hushed expectation, heard the infidel, as he sullenly kneeled, utter the words desired, with sarcastic defiance.

'Agan repeat those words' said his teacher in tones of utmost gentleness; and again, still defiant, yet more subdued, the infidel repeated, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'

Once more came the request to repeat the sentence, and before the audience, held by the power of the Holy Ghost, that petition went up in a tone of almost tenderness, certainly far different from the bravadó with which it was first repeated.

A fourth time came the request, 'Repeat it again'; and with his strong frame quivering with emotion, the poor man poured out his soul's need in the prayer of the publican.

At the fifth repetition, the man then and there, before the large assembly, offered up from his inmost soul the prayer which, when thus offered, meets with a forgiving Father's pardon.

We give the simple facts as told to us, and only ask the question of all unbelievers: 'Why will you denounce a faith which you have never put to the test?'—Exchange.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

A. L. Riggins, St. Catharines, $5.05; W. S., Winnipeg, $5.00; W. M. (The Lord's Tenth), Sault St. Marie, $2.00; Margaret A. Gardiner, Welcome, $1.00; Thomas Bone, St. Catharines, $10.00; Three Friends, Melrose, $2.00; Mrs. F. E. Judd, Juddhaven, $1.00; Jas. Lamb, Vallanfield, $4.00; A Friend, through Pastor of McPhail Memorial Baptist Church, Ottawa, $10.00; total, $40.05.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Lady Bird and the Ant.

The ladybird sat in the rose's heart
  And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plainly-dressed ant go by
  With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew the curtain of damask round
  And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her mirror a drop of dew
  That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
  And, seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled on,
  At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden blast of autumn came
  And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the ladybird went
  And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
  For she knew not where to go,
And rough November's early blast
  Had brought with it rain and snow.

Her wings were chilled and her feet were cold,
  And she wished for the ant's warm cell,
And what she did in the wintry storm
  I am sure I cannot tell.

—Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Dorothy's Spend Box.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'No thank you, dear,' said Aunt Maude, shaking her head when Dorothy presented her with a fat chocolate. 'I am afraid your mamma would say you are eating too much candy for a little girl if she could see you.'

'Then you had better help me eat these,' laughed Dorothy, putting the brown candy on the tip of her pink tongue. 'Uncle Charley gave me five cents to spend this afternoon, and I only got six of these big ones for it. I have candy sometimes at home.'

'I think fruit is better,' said Aunt Maude, 'and the next time any one gives you money you had better buy a ripe peach of a nice pear. By the way, I wish you would tell me whenever you have a penny to spend while you are here. I want to do something that will be a secret till you go home and then you may know.'

So every time the little girl spent a penny she told Auntie Maude, and that young lady only smiled when her little niece begged to know about the money. When a girl is visiting in a house where there are two uncles, a grandma, a grandpa and an aunt, the pennies and nickles have to be spent very quickly unless one wants to put them in a bank, and Dorothy thought it was not polite to do that away from home. She had fine peaches, delicious pears, and all sorts of good things every day till the very last one of her visit, and still Aunt Maude would not tell what the great secret was.

'You will find a box in your trunk when you get home,' said Aunt Maude when she kissed Dorothy good-bye, 'and in it is a little note I wish you would read. Good-bye, dearie,' and then the train carried Dorothy swiftly away.

The little girl could scarcely wait till the big trunk was unpacked, and when mamma lifted out a box tied up with gay red ribbons she fairly danced with impatience. 'Dorothy's Spend Box' was in big letters on the lid, and when it was opened mamma took out a pink note which Dorothy read aloud. 'Dear Dorothy,' said the note. 'Every time you spent any money I bought a little gift for the same amount and put it in the spend box. I thought it would be nice to show you how many things you could get for the mission tree that you said your Sunday school gave every year to poor children if you saved your pennies. I know a penny seems a very little thing, but lots of the things in this box only cost that much. Please write to me and tell me how you like your spend box.'

And what do you suppose Dorothy found in the queer little bundles? It took a long time to untie the bright ribbons and unroll the tissue paper, but when it was all done her lap was full of the nicest things you could think of. There were marbles and pencils and hair ribbons and handkerchiefs and cards and tiny fans and picture books and so many pretty gifts I cannot tell you about them all. At the very bottom of the box was a lovely doll dressed in a white frock with a dear little hat and white slippers.

'I know just what day auntie bought that,' said Dorothy, holding up the doll. 'Uncle Charley gave me a whole dollar to spend and I went down town with five little girls to get ice cream soda. Just think, mamma, we ate up a lovely doll like this in about ten minutes.'

'You didn't eat or drink a dollar's worth of ice cream soda, did you?' cried Mrs. Nelson, in surprise. 'I never thought my little girl would do such a thing as that.'

'Well, we didn't just then,' said Dorothy, 'but we spent all the money. We bought some fruit to take home, and in a little while all the money was gone. Aunt Maude made this dress out of a piece of her dress that she wore to the concert. I saw her making it and the hat, too, but she wouldn't tell who they were for.'

'What are you going to say to auntie when you write?' asked Mrs. Nelson, as Dorothy soberly wrapped the pretty things up again.

'I'm going to tell her that it is the very nicest thing she could have done, but I am sorry I didn't know it in time to put something in myself. Oh, mamma, do you think she meant I should fill the box by saving from this on till Christmas?'

'It would not surprise me in the least if she had that in mind when she started the box. 'I wonder who will get the pennies now, the candy man or the spend box.'

'The spend box,' said Dorothy, with emphasis. 'I intend to have it running over with pretty things for the Christmas tree.' And she kept her word.

The Next Thing.

When we cannot get at the very thing we wish, never to take up with the next best in degree to it, that's pitiful beyond description.—Sterne.

All Wrong.

A Brooklyn physician tells, in the New York 'Times,' an amusing incident that happened at his summer house in New Hampshire.

His small daughter was asked by her grandmother to bring an egg from the hennery. After several minutes the little girl returned with her apron full of eggs. While yet a distance away the grandmother asked:

'Well, did you break any eggs on the way?'

'No, grandma,' was the prompt answer, 'but the shells came off a few.'

Willie Holt, the Boy Martyr.

A friend in India has sent me the following touching story, which I have rewritten for our young readers. If it touches your hearts as it has mine I am sure it will do you good. This general in the Indian service says:

I had in my regiment a little bugler. His father and mother had died and he was left alone. He was not always treated kindly by the rough soldiers, yet he remained an out and out Christian. He was trained by his Christian mother, and among the rough soldiers he showed that his conversion was a reality by his beautiful life.

One morning it was reported that the targets were thrown down during the night, and the usual practice could not take place. The act was traced to the tent in which our little Christian, Willie Holt, slept, with perhaps a half a dozen more. The whole lot was put under arrest, and it was proven by court martial that one or more of the prisoners were guilty of the offence. The general in command then turned to the prisoners, and said: 'If one of you who slept in No. 4 last night will come forward and take the punishment, the rest will get off free, but if not, each one of you will receive ten strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails.' Silence followed, then Willie Holt stepped forward.

His face was as pale as death, and he said, 'I will take the punishment for the rest.' I turned to the prisoners and said: 'Will you let this delicate boy take the punishment for your sins? He is guiltless; you know as well as I do.' I knew my military word must stand, and the boy knew it, too, as he said, 'I am ready, sir.'

It made me sick at heart to think of having the innocent boy lashed with the cruel whip. At the fourth blow, Jim Sykes, the black sheep of the regiment, seized the cruel whip and shouted out: 'General, stop it, and tie me up instead! He did not do it; I did,' and he flung his arms around the boy.

Fainting and almost speechless, Willie lifted his eyes to the man's face and smiled. 'No, Jim,' he whispered; you are safe now; the general's word will stand.' His head fell forward—he had fainted.

The next day as I went into the hospital, I asked how the lad was getting on. 'He is sinking, general,' said the doctor. 'The shock of yesterday was too much. He is more fit for heaven than earth.' The tears stood in his eyes.

In one corner of the room I saw the lad propped upon some pillows, and kneeling by his side was Jim Sykes. I saw drops of sweat standing on his brow, and heard him say, 'Why did you do it, Willie?' 'Because I wanted to take it for you; I thought it might help you to understand a little bit why Christ died for you.'

'What do you mean, Willie?'

'I mean that he died for you because he loved you, as I do, Jim; only Christ loved you much more. I only suffered for one of your sins, but Christ suffered for all the sins you ever committed. The punishment was death, and Jim, Christ suffered that death for you.'

'I'm one of the bad 'uns; Christ never cared anything for me.'

'But he died to save the bad ones. His words were, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be like snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Dear Jim," he added, "shall the Lord have died in

vain for you? Listen! He is calling you. He has poured out his precious life blood for you. He is knocking at the door of your heart; won't you let him in? Oh! you must, and then we shall meet again in heaven."'

In a few moments Willie fell back on his pillow. Half unconscious, I heard him say, 'Sing to me, mother, the Gates of Pearl.' He appeared as if listening to his mother's voice, and I heard him saying, 'I shall be there, mother.'

'Where do you mean, Willie?' I asked. With a smile he answered, 'Why, in heaven, general! The roll-call has sounded for me; the gates are open; the price is paid.' Then softly, as if entering the gates of pearl, I heard him saying:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.'

Gently he lifted his eyes to mine, saying, 'General, you will help Jim, won't you? You will show him the way to Jesus, and the gates —of—pearl.'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

The Flower of God.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said: 'I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers.' And the crocus said: 'No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower; I am the first one.' And the lily of the valley said modestly: 'I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God.' And the trailing arbutus said: 'Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?' And all the flowers cried out: 'No, you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer.' And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: 'Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts his head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance —do you not know they are all God's flowers?' And they that take this life of God, and, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers. There is not one of us who cannot bring something of this life to our fellow men; no matter how arid your life is, no matter how dull it is, no matter how poor it is, it is possible for you to be the giver of life to your neighbor.—Lyman Abbot.

'It's Here all the Same.'

'What are you doing there?' asked a passer-by of a lad holding to a string.

'Flying my kite,' said the little boy.

'I can see no kite!' exclaimed the man.

'I know it, sir,' answered the boy; 'I can't see it, but it's there all the same, for I feel it pull.'

If we hold on to God's promises an unseen power draws us heavenwards, and, although unseen, we know it.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

An Honest Toop.

The sunshine poured down radiantly on the mountain road, causing the white stones to shine out distinctly and the dark rocks to show all their picturesqueness. Old man Toop held the hand of his grandson, Johnny, as the two of them moved along with their faces turned in the direction of the square log school-house wherein Johnny received his learning. Old man Toop was bound on a pleasure expedition—he was going to hear Johnny spell such difficult words as clatter, spatter, patter, as he stood at the head of his class.

Old man Toop never tired of bragging of the Toops. 'Yes,' he said to Johnny. 'I heered you last night say your spellin' to your mother, and I wa'n't surprised that you didn't miss a word, for I always knowed that if a Toop went to school he was bound fer to larn to spell. It's a might' fine thing to get hold of advantages, and to profit by 'em is another fine thing; but there ain't never yet been a Toop born into the world, as I knowed of, that was the kind of feller to git hold of advantages and not to profit by 'em. Eh?'

'Yes, sir,' said Johnny.

'Thar's something else,' said old man Toop, cheerfully, 'and I 'low I ain't braggin' when I make the statement. To my knowledge, sure and certain, there ain't never yet been a Toop born into the world that wa'n't honest. Most of 'em ain't never hed no advantages; none of 'em 'ceptin' yourself, Johnny, ever stood head of a spellin' class. You kin spell better'n your father and better'n your grandfather, but I don't say as you can beat 'em in honesty.'

'No, sir,' said Johnny, meekly.

'There ain't never been no school-teachers among the Toops,' went on the old man; 'you're the first one to have notions high as that, Johnny. Up to date the Toops have been plain workin' men, wood-choppers nearly all of 'em, but they've every one of 'em been honest straight along; and when I say honest I don't jest mean that they ain't rogued another man's coat; I mean they've been fair and square in their hearts to every neighbor ever come nigh 'em.'

'Yes, sir,' said Johnny, almost in a whisper.

The little hand in the big hand grew hot with the rest of Johnny, and it was probable that old man Toop felt it tremble; but he went on talking. 'It's harder fer some folks to be honest than fer others,' he said. 'Sometimes there gits into a family a timid kind of a woman, and I say it's harder fer a feller born o' that thar woman to treat his neighbors fair and square, maybe, than it is for a feller whose mother, like his father, is 'feered o' nothin'. The Toops they manage fer to conquer all sech disadvantages.'

'Yes, sir,' said Johnny.

The little boy grabbed off his hat at the door of the schoolhouse, and the old man lifted his cap with a great reverence for everything connected with that wonderful advantage, education, from the genial young school-teacher, who never broke his word, down to the rude desks and benches.

Visitors at the schoolhouse were always welcome, but being, as a rule, polite and unostentatious, they usually betook themselves to the corner of the room where the stove, no longer needed for fire purposes, was at present stored for the summer.

The sun was shining through the window near the teacher's desk, and it fell, bewilderingly beautiful, on the heads and faces of the long row of boys and girls that formed the spelling-class with Johnny at its head; just so had it fallen on the mountain road, and old man Toop, who had seen the white stones and the dark rocks, saw now the shining faces of the members of the spelling-class, all but the face of Johnny, whose head was bowed. 'Like the mother,' thought the old man a little sorely. The Toops were in the habit of holding their heads right up.

'Speak out,' said the teacher, and laughed. 'Remember we have company in the schoolhouse'; but old man Toop had to strain his ears to catch the letters s-p-a-t-t-e-r that came from Johnny's lips.

'Like the mother,' he thought again. 'All the Toops I ever knowed anything about always spoke straight out; none of 'em was afeer'd o' nothin'.'

'I'm sorry,' said the young school-teacher, turning to the visitor unostentatiously occupying a part of the stove corner, 'that you will have to witness a thrashing, Mr. Toop, especially after listening to such very good spelling; but, you see, I'm a man of my word.'

'That's right,' said old man Toop; 'I'll wait for the thrashing.'

'This is the way of it, Mr. Toop,' explained the teacher. 'When I first came here it was nothing at all uncommon for a window-pane to be smashed once or twice a week; neither was it uncommon for the teacher's ink to be upset over desk and floor as often as the window was smashed. Well, I recently laid down a rule to the effect that if any boy smashed a window he was to be thrashed in public the next day; and I laid down another rule of a similar nature in regard to the upsetting of the teacher's ink. Yesterday I came in here and found this ball.' He lifted from his desk a baseball liberally smeared with ink. 'It had come through a window, smashing a pane, and lit into the inkstand. So you see both rules were broken; therefore, to-day I am obliged to thrash the boy who owns the ball.'

'He'll be a better boy after the thrashin', sir,' said old man Toop. 'I'll wait fer to see the thrashin'.'

'No use your saying you didn't do it,' said the teacher severely, after ordering the culprit to take off his coat. 'Everybody knows you are too stingy to lend it to anybody else.'

'I lost it,' whimpered the culprit.

'Everybody knows you can lie,' said the young teacher with the bluntness of the mountain folks. 'Mr. Toop, what do you say to this sort of circumstantial evidence? The ball that came through the window and knocked over my inkstand belongs to a boy who is too stingy to lend his pocket-knife to a neighbor to sharpen a slate pencil, and is always overcareful with his property. He is, moreover, I regret to say, a boy who does not tell the truth. What do you say to the circumstantial evidence?'

Suddenly, in imagination, old man Toop felt a little trembling hand grow hot all over. He too grew hot. 'I say,' he called out in the loud voice of the Toops, 'that if any other feller throwed the ball, now's his chance to come forward and prove that he ain't a coward by takin' the thrashin' like a man. It may be the turnin' p'int of his life. If another feller throwed the ball, he's goin' to be honest or he's goin' to be dishonest this day, and maybe, on account of this day, honest or dishonest all the days of his life. I'm goin' to wait to see that thar thrashin'.'

Then, also suddenly, a meek little figure bobbed up before the school-teacher, standing there with the rod in his hand. A pair of soft

blue eyes were raised to his astonished gaze, but a voice that old man Toop would never forget vibrated through the log schoolhouse. 'I found the ball, and throwed it, sir,' said Johnny Toop; 'and I'm here to take three thrashin's—one for smashin' the window, one for upsettin' the ink, and one for not bein' fair and square.

'You?' cried the teacher, 'you, Johnny Toop?'

'Good morning, sir,' said old man Toop a little later, as he shook hands vigorously with the young school-teacher outside the door of the log schoolhouse wherein the best speller had just been thrashed. 'I come down here to listen to Johnny spell such long words as "patter" and "clatter" and the like, and I heered him all right, though he done it in a voice as timid as his mother's. And this day I seen Johnny Toop thrashed by the teacher, but first I heerd some'n' better'n the spellin'; I heerd him with my own ears prove himself honest like every one of the Toops, and I'm proud and happy to be his grandfather. Good mornin', sir.'

Inside the schoolhouse, sitting at a rude desk on a small part of a rude little bench, was Johnny Toop, with a new strange life within him—the courage of the Toops swelling his veins.—Louise R. Baker, in the 'Sunday School Visitor.'

Good Friends Afterwards.

In the early part of his ministry, Spurgeon was asked to preach in a neighboring village, and when he arrived on Sunday morning Mr. Brown, the pastor, said:

'I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach.'

'Well,' was the reply, 'I can go back.'

'But,' said Mr. Brown, 'the people have come from all parts in all kinds of vehicles'; and then he put his hands under his coat tails, and asked what the world was coming to when boys of this age went about preaching.

However, 'the boy' did preach; and Mr. Brown sat on the pulpit stairs.

Spurgeon read a passage from Proverbs and upon coming to the words, 'The hoary head is a crown of glory,' he said he doubted that, for he knew a man with a grey head, who could hardly be civil; but the passage went on to say, 'If it be found in the way of righteousness,' and that, he said, was a different thing.

When he came down from the pulpit, Mr. Brown said to him:

'Bless your heart! I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit'; and they were good friends afterwards.— Australian 'Christian World.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

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A Recitation.

This helpful poem, by C. F. Richardson, will make a beautiful recitation or reading for the meeting.

If suddenly upon the street
My gracious Saviour I should meet,
And He should ask, 'As I love thee,
What love hast thou to offer me?'
Then what could this poor heart of mine
Dare offer to that heart divine?

His eye would pierce my outward show,
His thought my inmost thought would know;
And if I said, 'I love Thee, Lord,'
He would not heed my spoken word,
Because my daily life would tell
If verily I loved Him well.

If on the day or in the place
Wherein He met me face to face
My life could show some kindness done,
Some purpose formed, some work begun,
For His dear sake, then it were meet
Love's gift to lay at Jesus' feet.

Half a Point Wrong.

A gentleman crossing the English channel stood near to the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their ship, when a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. 'You are a half point off the course!' he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

'You must steer very accurately,' said the on-looker, 'when only a half point is so much thought of.'

'Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks,' he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rock of crime. And so of kindred vices. The beginnings are always small.—'Christian Standard.'

How the Rainy Day Cleared for the Girls.

(Annie James, in the Brooklyn 'Eagle.')

'Oh, mercy me! It's pouring rain! Isn't it just too bad for anything?' And Jenny Burton sprang out of bed and ran to the window to look down on a street that was sheltered overhead with umbrellas and made disagreeable under foot by a beating downpour of rain.

'Well, I'm glad it's Saturday and we are not obliged to go to school,' said half-awake Margaret, rubbing her blue eyes open as she sat on the edge of the bed. 'My goodness!—it is raining pitchforks, isn't it, though?' And Margaret came to the window to see the splatter of drops that washed in a torrent against the panes. 'We are lucky to be able to stay indoors—that's one thing to be thankful for.' And Margaret returned, yawning, to the bed and sat down to draw on her stockings.

'Why, goosie, don't you remember to-day is the date set for our going to the woods to gather autumn leaves and cat-tails?' asked Jenny, with some impatience in her voice. 'I feel vexed enough to cry, so I do.'

'Oh, so to-day is the day,' replied Margaret, now getting fully awake. Then a cloud of disappointment spread over her pretty face. 'Pshaw—it is provoking!'

'Yes, it is,' asserted Jenny. 'I always feel blue when I can't get out. And I particularly dislike staying indoors on Saturday—the only day we can call our own during the school session.'

But just then their mother entered the room to see if her little daughters were dressed for breakfast. 'Oh, mamma, isn't it just too mean for anything—this horrid rain?' cried Margaret. 'We had planned to have such a jolly time—and here is this hateful weather putting a stop to everything.'

'Why, dearie, the old earth must have her baths, regularly, or she would get bald-headed; that is to say, nothing would grow on her surface. We depend on crops for food and beautiful flowers. Those things depend on the rain to feed them. But—come, cheer up! I've got bright news for you. Since it is raining so that you must abandon your country excursion Fate has been a good old dame and sent us a scrap of good news. Who do you suppose is coming to-day?'

Both little girls stopped in the midst of their toilet and began to guess. 'It can't be—Cousin Ned?' And Jenny looked for answer in her mother's face.

'Oh, it is Cousin Ned?' exclaimed Margaret, her voice hopeful.

'No one else,' said their mamma. 'I just had a wire from him saying he would be here to spend Saturday and Sunday with us. He arrives on the 11 o'clock train.'

'Oh, goody, goody!' cried little Margaret, dancing about the room with one shoe on and one foot bare. 'I don't care if it rains snakes and toads—if only Cousin Ned will be here. Won't we have a jolly time?'

'Oh, it's a lot nicer to have Cousin Ned than sunshine and a trip to the country—he's always so jolly.' And Jenny lent her enthusiasm to her sister's.

'And why is it that everyone wants your Cousin Ned?' asked mamma. 'Don't you think it is because he is always so bright and happy under all circumstances? Rain or shine he finds plenty to do to entertain himself and any others who might be about him?'

'Yes, mamma, dear, you are right.' And Jenny brushed a stubborn tangle out of her fair hair. 'I'm going to try to cultivate a "Cousin-Ned disposition," so I am.'

'Now, I'm going to let you two girls fix up the guest chamber for Cousin Ned. That will keep you pretty busy if you get it done before his arrival,' said their mother. 'Ned loves a cheerful room to keep in tune with his cheerful thoughts. I'll trust to your taste to make the apartment cozy.'

After breakfast the two little girls ran up stairs to the guest chamber and began their preparation for the coming most welcome visitor.

'We'll put a lot of bright cushions on the couch and in the big chair by the grate,' suggested Margaret. 'And we'll bring one of the hall palms up for the bay window and a lot of flowers for the mantel.'

'Yes, and all the late magazines from the library, so Cousin Ned may run through them while alone, if he wishes to,' suggested Jenny, as she pinned a pretty tidy of her own making on the back of a rocker.

And so they worked away, robbing various rooms of bits of furniture, flowers and draperies, and at last, just as they were taking a farewell look to see if all was perfect, there sounded the hall bell. Down the stairs the two happy girls flew to meet Cousin Ned on the hall threshold and to be grabbed up in his great, strong, damp arms, for all the world as though he were a bear.

'Heigh-ho!' he cried in his cheery voice as

he bit the pink ear of each. 'What did you let it rain like this for—when I was coming to town? Did you think it would scare me off, eh?'

'Oh, you have mixed it up,' cried Margaret, leading Cousin Ned into the sitting-room. 'You must have known all along that we would need you on this particular day—so we would not mind not getting to go to the country, after cat-tails.'

'Yes, Cousin Ned,' said Jenny, solemnly, 'If you had not come to-day I don't know how we could have got over a certain disappointment't. We had planned for a week past to go to the country to-day for autumn leaves and cat-tails. Fancy our vexation when we awoke and saw the deluge of rain with a sky that said: "I mean to keep this up all day." Really I was on the point of crying when mamma came in to tell us you were coming; in other words, she told us the sun would shine regardless of the clouds. Why, everything brightened right away.'

'That's right,' Cousin Ned, affirmed Margaret, climbing on the big cousin's knee. 'You take the place of——'

'Cat-tails?' asked Cousin Ned, laughing. 'Well, it's a good thing to be of use to somebody or bodies, if it is only when the rain comes down.'

'Oh, no, Cousin Ned; you don't take the place of cat-tails and autumn leaves,' declared Margaret. 'You take the place of the sun. As soon as we heard you were coming—why, the rain was entirely forgotten.'

'Little flatterer,' laughed Cousin Ned, pinching Margaret's cheek. But he felt that, after all, he was thankful to be the owner of a disposition that rain could not dampen nor clouds darken one whit.

An hour later, on entering his room and seeing how the little hands had adorned and decorated it for his comfort and pleasure, he went to the head of the stairs and called down to two little girls whose chatter he could hear in the hall; 'Say, kiddies, it pays to play at being cat-tails—or the sun—when by so doing one may have the joy of occupying a room made beautiful by the touch of magic fairies' hands. Think I'll make an appointment with you to rain in whenever there happens to come a cloud in the sky. Why, I'm lodged like a king.'

'That's because you are so happy that you make everybody else happy, answered Margaret. And Jenny, looking up the stairs, said: 'You are the king of all kings we love to entertain. You are the king of sunshine, Cousin Ned.'

Answered Prayer.

Some years ago a lady was nearing the end of life's pilgrimage; she had never been able to be a missionary in foreign lands, and she could not give much, but she could pray. And so she prayed for a certain missionary in China, that God would bring him into touch with a man who should be converted through his preaching, who should become a mighty power among his own people, and who should be used of God in the salvation of hundreds of others. She prayed that prayer constantly and earnestly a long time before she died. Then she passed away. She never knew the answer. But the answer came. Out there in China, at that very time, a missionary met a man who was converted through his instrumentality, and who become the most wonderful native missionary, probably, that China ever had. Through the life of that man hundreds of people were brought to Christ, and thousands of opium smokers were saved from their opium through him. After the woman died, a letter was found in her desk, addressed to the missionary in China for whom she had prayed, and it was sent to him. He opened her letter, which said: I am now praying for so-and-so, mentioning her request of God. Then he looked at his journal and saw that it was at that very time the Lord used him to bring that man to Him. Oh, friends, is He not expecting us to pray more?—Selected.

Ambidexterity.

In our present one-sided condition of things, the highest praise we can give to a craftsman is to call him 'dexterous,' and we all know what is implied when we apply the epithet 'sinister' to anything. But, as not infrequently happens, out of the combination of those two characteristics we are going to evolve a compound that shall far eclipse the more eligible of the two. We are going to teach people to be ambidextrous—that is, to use both hands with equal facility; and that means, be it remarked, to use both lobes of the brain, for the hand is only the instrument of the cerebral organ. Such was the prospect of evolving all-round people which was sketched by Mr. John Jackson at the Medical Society's rooms. With the ardour befitting an apostle of his system, he spoke of the coming change as the 'millennium of ambidexterity,' and if half the good results follow which he predicted he has a right to the term. There seems nothing in the nature of the case to prevent us using the two hands. It is only bad habit that restricts the usage. Landseer could paint two pictures simultaneously, one with each hand. Why can we not do our work in the same bimanual fashion? It would be highly convenient. Let us therefore do all we can to strengthen the hand—both hands—of this energetic gentleman and the system he represents.—'League Journal.'

The Lost Bank Notes—A True Story.

(By Alice Armstrong.)

'It's no use Jennie, I can't stand this any longer, I can't find anything to do in Toronto, I must leave, I can't see you and the children starve; I'll go to Detroit and become a substitute for some rich fellow that doesn't want to risk his own skin fightin' for his country. They're payin' as high as seven hundred dollars now for three months, and more if one goes for the war. I'll try it for three months, any way. If I never come back the seven hundred dollars will do you more good than ever I did,' he concluded bitterly.

'Oh, Willie, Willie,' cried his wife, bursting into teare, 'how can you talk so; I know times is bad enough, and I don't blame you for bein' discouraged, but luck may change; do try once more.'

'No, I'm sick of it all, I'm off to-morrow.'

The speaker, a strongly built young man, about thirty-five years of age, with a rather reckless air, stood in the kitchen, bare and poor, of a small cottage in the outskirts of Toronto; it was a poor neighborhood at that time, when the Civil War was waging over the border. Several of the young men had gone to don the blue, and shoulder a musket in the ranks of the Northern Army; and now Willie Wilson had made up his mind to do likewise.

Round a table, bare, but clean, were gathered four children, ranging from two to ten years of age, partaking of bread and treacle, which, with the addition of weak tea, minus milk or sugar, for the father and mother, formed the not very appetising evening meal.

'Come to tea, Willie,' said the poor woman, choking down a sob, as she poured a cup from a shining tin teapot, and handing it to him, sat down to the table and made a pretense of eating; the children taking in the scene with sad comprehension in their young eyes.

Taking the cup, he drained it at a draught, swallowed a mouthful of bread, the look of misery and despair deepening in his eyes as they dwelt on the pale faces of his little ones, and the ill-clad figure, and white sorrowful countenance of their mother, whom he had taken twelve years before from her snug home, a pretty merry little country girl. Suddenly rising from the table, he rushed out of the house without a word, and that was the last poor Jennie Wilson ever saw of her husband. Long she sat that night, while her little ones forgot the pangs of hunger in the sweet dreamless sleep of childhood, waiting and listening for the music of footsteps she would hear on earth never more, tears silently chasing each other down her pale cheeks; for she loved her husband, he had always been kind to her, but, with the best intentions in the world, nothing ever seemed to prosper with him. She lay down at last, faint and weary, and for a few blessed hours wandered again with her lover in the green perfumed fields and woods of her country home.

The sun of a bright August morning shone gloriously, the blue waves of broad Ontario danced and flashed with a sound of laughter on the glittering shore. The birds sang, the flowers bloomed, all nature seemed joyous as a summer dream, when the sad-faced woman opened her humble door and glanced round with wistful eyes at the beauties of earth and sky. Alas! she had only awakened to another day of care and sorrow, the beauties of nature could not feed her children or restore her husband.

All day she looked and listened for Willie, but he came not. The second day passed, and the third; then came a letter from the absent one, and a notification from a bank in the city telling her that seven hundred dollars had been paid in to her account. The letter informed her that Willie had enlisted, but if all went well he would be back in three months. He hoped she would make herself and the children comfortable with the money. But the very thoughts of that money turned her loving heart sick. No, she would not touch a penny of it; if he came home he could do what he liked with it, it would be all right. But she felt in her inmost heart that she would never look upon his face again on earth. Often during the nights that followed she would start up from horrid dreams of battlefields covered with dying men, mangled and moaning, and ever Willie was among them, lying stark and cold, with white face turned to the dark sky, and wide unseeing eyes gazing dumbly into the far away solemn eyes of the night. No more letters came until about the end of September, when a short, but kindly message, from a comrade of her husband, came, telling her of his death on the battlefield.

A New Story.

JUST WHAT YOU WISHED FOR.

'We wish you'd have a serial story in the "Messenger,"' the Boys and Girls have been writing, and their wish is to be granted, as wishes sometimes are at Christmas. In the New Year's 'Messenger' will be found the first chapters of a lively story of a boy who was picked up on a flooded river by a tramp, and their adventures before they found the relatives for whom they were searching.

LITTLE FOLKS

How Johnny Helped.

(Frances Hastings, in 'Christian Register.')

(Concluded.)

Cook would probably make foolish remarks about the water and the mussed-up flowers, so Johnny thought he had better get things nice and clean first. He squeezed his finger as hard as he could, and three round drops of blood came out. He wanted to save them to show to his mother, and so he held his little fat hand straight out in front of him while he picked up the flowers with the other hand and threw them into the fireplace. Then he leaned up against the Morris chair to rest himself; and he forgot all about his finger, and the three drops of blood were wiped off on the blue sofa-pillow before he knew it. Well, they were not lost, anyway; and mamma could see how he was hurt.

The muffler was too wet and stringy for any more dusting, and luckily Johnny remembered that Lena used a broom when she cleaned up. When he brought it and tried to sweep, he didn't like it at all. The broom was heavy and went in queer places, and it made his hands ache. Why, when he was sweeping the rug in front of papa's desk with one end of it, the other end banged right into the little brass clock and knocked it over. Luckily it didn't break. It stopped ticking; but the hands were there and the glass was all right when Johnny climbed on the desk and set it up again. He concluded it must have run down and ought to be wound up. But Johnny was a good boy. He had been told never to touch the key of the clock, and he didn't.

He was just thinking he ought to put back the chairs when he walked backward into the waste basket and sat down very suddenly. The papers were all scattered and the basket just a little bit broken. 'But it will hold paper all right,' Johnny comforted himself.

But that was the last straw. Johnny knew then that he was lonesome, and decided to go out to see cook and push the chairs back afterwards. So he went to the kitchen.

'And is it mischief ye've been in, Master Johnny?' asked cook good-naturedly.

'No, I've just been helping mother,' returned Johnny, with an angelic smile on his hot little face. 'And now I've come for a cooky, and please tell me the story of London bridge.'

So cook sat down in the rocking-chair and took Johnny up in her arms.

'As I was going over London bridge I found a penny, and with the penny I bought a kid. Kid

FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON PLAY

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY ABOUT SOLDIERS?

wouldn't go. See by the moonlight it's half-past midnight, time kid and I were at home an hour and a half ago. Went along a little farther and came to a stick. Pray, stick, whip kid, kid won't go. See by the moonlight—"

'Was the kid a little boy?' asked Johnny, mischievously, for he knew the answer, the little rogue!

'Oh, go 'way wid ye! A kid is a small goat, to be sure.' And cook told the story through to the end, when the dog began to worry the cat and the cat began to catch the rat and the rat began to gnaw the rope and the rope began to hang the butcher and the butcher began to kill the ox and the ox began to drink the water and the water began to quench the fire and the fire began to burn the stick and the stick began to whip the kid and the kid began to go.

'I wish I had a kid,' murmured Johnny, drowsily; for that story always made him sleepy. Perhaps he slept a little bit; for, when he started up, cook was saying: 'There, your mother is coming. Now run to meet her and tell her what a good, quiet little boy you have been all the afternoon and never troubled cook a bit.'

So Johnny ran to the door and held up his rosy mouth to be kissed.

'Bless your dear heart!' said his mother. 'What has my helper-boy been doing all the long afternoon?'

'O mummy dear,' cried Johnny, 'I did help you awful lots; but I didn't push the chairs back yet and I bleeded my finger and cook told me the London-bridge story and I'm awful glad you've come!'

Mamma drew off her gloves and took out her hatpins, while Johnny ran to ask cook to get his supper ready, for it was five o'clock.

Then mamma went to the library and took one long look. She saw the scratched chairs and the hanging fringe and the broken vase and the silent clock and the scattered papers and the battered basket and the wet spots on the carpet and the stains on the blue sofa-pillow. She caught her breath and then, yes, then she laughed softly. Then she went and thanked Johnny for trying so hard to help her; and Johnny's eyes shone like stars and his dimples twinkled and he clasped her neck ardently, as he said:

'Oh, mummy dear, I'm always and always going to be your helper-boy!' Now isn't it good that mothers understand?

When papa came home that night and the two sat in the library together while Johnny was sleeping the sleep of the truly good, papa said: 'Don't you think a sound whipping would have been more to

the point?' But mother shook her head and smiled.

'No, it was all my fault. Next time I'll plan something for him. And then, you know, he is so little, and he really wanted to help.'

Each Has a Work to Do.

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day,
Each little river drop impulse and sway;
Feather and flower and songlet help, too.

Each little child can some love work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.

—Susan Coolidge.

A Story of Lights.

One night, when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You give so little light compared with the sun.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gas light, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give as much light as the electric light.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here, some one might fail to see it and fall.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give even as much light as the gas light.'

'I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp.'

'I do the best I can,' said the candle, 'and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird; and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great. 'All are helpers.'

—'Kindergarten Review.'

Two Kinds of Comforters.

'To think I must stay here all this afternoon, and mother not at home with me! And it's such a fine day! And I wanted to go over to the corners to see the parade go by and I can't. Oh, dear!'

Bertie's voice was as doleful as his face, by which you will guess that it was very doleful indeed.

His brother James came in. Bertie looked forlornly at him.

'My head aches terribly,' he said.

'Well,' said James, 'I'm sorry you can't go with us over to the corners. But, of course, you know it's your own fault. Bertie gave a little grunt.

'It doesn't do any good to tell me that,' he said.

'But it's so. You went out after the rain, and got your feet soaking wet, and then kept on your wet shoes all the evening so mother wouldn't know. That's how you caught your bad cold. And you must see that your having to stay in is a punishment. But I'm sorry you have to stay in. I'll bring you some nuts, and I'll tell you all about it when I come back.'

Bertie turned in his chair with tears in his eyes as James went away. It was all so, but it did not help things at all to be told so. James had seemed to think it would.

The door opened again, and another face peeped in. It belonged to his little cousin, Elsie. Elsie was not much older than he was, but she was his favorite cousin.

'Do you feel very bad?' she said

'Dread—ful,' said Bertie, trying hard not to cry before a girl.

'Too bad!! I knew you couldn't go 'way over to the corners, but I hoped you could come down by the creek with us and sail boats.'

'I can't go out of this room.'

'Well, I'll tell the girls—' She ran away so quickly that Bertie could not hear the rest she said.

He settled himself back in his seat, wondering how to get through the long afternoon. How dismal it was to be all alone! Tears came again, but he wiped them away quickly as he again heard the cheery voice at the door.

'I'm back. Shall I read to you, or can you paste pictures?'

'Oh, Elsie! Aren't you going with the girls?

'No; I'm going to stay with you. Once I had to stay alone when I was sick, and I know what it is.'

It was so good to have her that he found himself able to paste pictures. Then she read to him until he fell asleep.

Don't you think Elsie's way was the best? She might have told her cousin, as James did, that it was his own fault, and then gone off to enjoy herself. But instead, she gave up her play and gave herself to help her cousin. That is Christ's own way.—'Sunbeam.'

The Runaway.

A little white cloud was sailing high;
A little white cloud in the wide blue sky.

She hurried along, nor dared to stay;
This little white cloud was running away.

The sun went down and the stars came out;
The little cloud saw them all about,

And they frightened her so, the shining train,
She cried herself into a shower of rain.

—Harriot Brewer Sterling.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 17, 1905.

Preparation for the Messiah.

Mal. iii., 1-12.

Golden Text.

I will send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me.—Mal. iii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 11.—Mal. iii., 1-12.
Tuesday, December 12.—Mal. iii., 13-18.
Wednesday, December 13.—Mal. iv., 1-6.
Thursday, December 14.—Mal. i., 1-11.
Friday, December 15.—Mal. i., 12-2: 9.
Saturday, December 16.—Mal. ii., 10-17.
Sunday, December 17.—Is. xl., 1-11.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Tertullian calls Malachi 'the transition-link between the two dispensations—the skirt and boundary of Christianity.' The Jews call him the seal (because last) of the prophets. For this reason, if for no other, the book would have peculiar attractions. But it has high intrinsic merits aside from the mere accident of its position. Delitzsch affirms the language to be vigorous, pure, and beautiful; and Kohler, the reasoning to be concise and cogent. Jesus was familiar with Malachi, and interpreted his last words to be the annunciation of His own harbinger—John the Baptist. As one affirms, 'The book makes an unspeakably solemn close for the Old Testament.'

The age of Malachi was exceedingly degenerate. It had been better if the temple had been closed entirely than that such a hollow mockery of worship should be kept up. The tithes of the people were scant in measure and despicable in quality—mouldy bread and lame lambs! If they had made such an offering to their civil governor he would have spurned it, and then they add injury to insult by attempting to defend themselves, and peevishly asking wherein they have despised, or wearied, or polluted, or robbed God.

No wonder that in the perspective of Malachi's vision the two Advents stand together, seem in fact, to be one—the advent in mercy and the advent in judgment. As Lange says, 'Malachi sees the great white throne in the background. The last book of the Old Testament is a perfect Mt. Sinai, quaking, flashing, thundering with the righteous indignation of Jehovah against the people whom He had lifted to heaven in privilege, but who were all unworthy of their exaltation. Who may abide the day of His coming? He shall be as fierce as the refiner's fire. He will be as caustic as lye or alkaline salt. He will burn like an oven, and leave neither root nor branch.

But here, as everywhere in the Scriptures, the beatitude is placed over against the woe. If God's people, even at this late date, in spite of all their stout, hard, and insulting speeches against God, will only bring all the tithe (withholding no part of it) into the treasure-house, the sluices of blessing will be thrown wide open, and they will have more favor than they have capacity to contain.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. THE BOOK OF MALACHI.
  Enhanced by its position.
  Intrinsic merits.
  Style vigorous.
  Matter concise.
II. DEGENERATION OF MALACHI'S AGE.
  Sham of worship.
  Tithes withheld.
  Defence attempted.
III. BOOK OF MALACHI: A MT. SINAI.
  Righteous anger of God.
  Fire and soap.
IV. A BEATITUDE AGAINST THE WOE.
  Tithes brought in.
  Sluices of heaven opened.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

There was an invisible kingdom of God in the midst of the visible kingdom. Those who feared God and spake to one another were known only to God. A visible and historic continuity is not indispensable even under the new dispensation.

Every age has its Elijah. Malachi was as certainly the Elijah of his day as John the Baptist of his. Any man who, with persistent earnestness, drives the people to a choice between God and Baal, is an Elijah. The greatness of the Baptist arose largely from his position in providential history. He was the last prophet to urge Israel to a wise choice.

A beautiful and indispensable trait of the the modern minister is given when Malachi says the priest's lips should keep knowledge. (ii., 7.) Keep knowledge, not from the people, but for the people. Ministers must be men of knowledge; for how are they able to teach others the things of God who are themselves unacquainted with these things, or unready in them? (Lange.)

The imminent appearance of the Lord in His Church is the touchstone of the Church. In what state would He find it? No tables of money-changers; no seats of dove-sellers; no mouldy bread or lame lambs; no tithes withheld; no peevish questioning? We are better, no doubt, than the Church in the age of Malachi and of Herod. But better in the ratio of our added light and privilege? That is the question.

Malachi, signifying messenger, is probably not a proper name, but an idealized cognomen, which the writer may have appropriated to himself, or which may have been applied to him later.

The local and immediate application of this prophecy was undoubtedly to Nehemiah, who at this time was absent, but returned quickly and undertook practical measures for reform of Church and State. The fact in no way discounts the larger application.

In Marachi prophecy culminated. In a sense all prophets were in one, the last.

The sons of Levi, referred to in the third verse, stand for the whole ecclesiastical system—the whole order of the priesthood.

The Book of Malachi is not surpassed in literature for irony and invective. The hypocritical, quibbling, self-justifying set is fairly trapped in their own words.

The irony and invective is not an end in itself like the satires of Juvenal. It does not seek mere discomfiture. It aims at reformation.

The constancy of God is the hope of man. 'I change not.' Constant in mercy as well as constant in justice.

C. E. Topic.

WHAT OUR DENOMINATION STANDS FOR.

The word Church means an assembly, the individual members of which have been called out, and are clustered about the one who has called them. Individually by obeying the call, they become open confessors of Him who has called them. Collectively they are like a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people. They become the pillar and the very ground on which the pillar rests which lifts aloft the essential truth of religion to the view of men.

Sunday, Dec. 17.—Topic—What our denomination stands for. I. Tim. iii., 14-16; I. Pet. ii., 9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HEATHEN GODS.

Monday, Dec. 11.—God or Baal. I. Kings xviii., 21-29.

Tuesday, Dec. 12.—Making a god. Isa. xliv., 9-20.

Wednesday, Dec. 13.—Strange Gods. Deut. xxxii., 16-20.

Thursday, Dec. 14.—Gods that cannot save. Isa. xlv., 20-22.

Friday, Dec. 15.—Gods that cannot see. Ps. cxv., 2-8.

Saturday, Dec. 16.—The Lord is above all. Ps. cxxxv., 5.

Sunday, Dec. 17.—Topic—The true God and the gods of the heathen. I. Sam. v., 1-8. (Missionary Meeting.)

Canvassing a Jail for Home Readers.

Knowing the fondness of the inmates of a jail for current periodicals, the superintendent of the Home Department of the St. James' Methodist Episcopal Sunday school of New Brunswick, New Jersey, thought that perhaps some of them could be induced to study the Sunday school lessons. She determined upon a canvass of the Middlesex County jail, which resulted in securing nearly a score of members for her Home Department. While the work in this particular has not been established a sufficient length of time to tell how much permanent good is being done, yet this is evident: the inmates are studying the lessons, and thus they are coming face to face with God's truth, which rebukes them in their wrong-doing, and reveals to them a nobler and a better life, and the way thereto.—'S. S. Times.'

A Department Rally Service.

The Home Department was gaining rapidly in membership, but there did not seem to be any particular connection between it and the church or Sunday school, except such as was made by the few faithful workers in the department. To the membership of the church, the Home Department might have been any one of a dozen organizations so far as their knowledge of it was concerned. What could be done to bring the Home Department into closer touch with the church?

'Have a Home Department rally on a Sunday evening at the time of the usual church services.'

'Excellent!' said several; 'why did we not think of that before?'

'But what shall be done at the services?'

'Ask the pastor to preach a sermon on the Home Department, explaining what the department is; its relation to the church, the church's relation to the Home Department.'

This was agreed to, and preparations were begun forthwith.

The front part of the middle of the large church was reserved for the members of the Home Department. The superintendent and workers in the department acted as a reception committee, each one welcoming the members of her class, and introducing them, as far as possible, to one another and to the other workers. They were then turned over to the regular ushers, who showed them their places.

All the services were in harmony with the spirit of the Home Department movements. The sermon gave the members of the Home Department a very plain outline of their privileges and possibilities, while it revealed to the members of the congregation who did not belong to the department some things of which they had been but dimly conscious.

The results of the 'Rally' were most gratifying. Some new members were added to the department; some lapsed members asked to have their names restored to the roll; there was a more intelligent appreciation on the part of many of those things for which the Home Department stands.—'S.S. Times.'

What Paper to Order for Next Year.

The annual question of Sunday School papers is up again and the teachers and superintendents are considering all sides of it. We are always glad to hear from those in charge of the schools what they think the best features of our paper, or wherein they think we might make improvements. From the Boys and Girls the verdict is clear. It is stories they want, and still more stories. 'We hate pictures with no story to them,' the small boys announced, and a big girl and boy added their word in favor of real stories, and 'Please put in a Serial Story,' they added, it makes something to look forward to on Sunday after school.'

Now we have got a serial story we think will make every boy and girl unwilling to lose even one number, and it only remains for the Superintendents to order in time to get the New Year number, in which the first chapters will appear.

Correspondence

Q. I.

Dear Editor,—I go to the West Merigomish school with my brother Edward. We have to cross the harbor, which is a mile wide, every day. How many little girls would like to do that? We live on an island. My father has a grindstone quarry, and ships stone to Boston. The schooner 'Victoria' is in now loading. I am nine years old, and read in the fourth book. I have a little sister named Maud.

LILA SUTHERLAND.

K. G., Que.

Dear Editor,—We have a dear little gray squirrel, and he is quite tame, but we can't let him out of the cage. He will eat nuts out of your hand and then he will run upstairs with them in his mouth, and we give him butter nuts, acorns, peanuts, hickory nuts, bread, corn, and johnny cake. He chaws off the shell with his sharp fore-teeth, and then he will turn it over and over. It is very nice to see a little squirrel eating a nut. We have nineteen milking cows to milk every morning and night. My birthday is the 28th of November. A new iron bridge is being put up at our gate, over Oak Creek.

G. T. ELDER.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for three years. I enjoy reading it ever so much. I have read a few books, which are: 'Black Beauty,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and some others. I like reading very much. I go to Sabbath school when it is fine. I got a Bible for going one year. There were three more got a Bible, too. I am well pleased with my Bible. I have reads lots of it already. Can any of the readers tell which is the middle verse of the New Testament?

B. M. B.

C., Mich.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly one year. We came from Ohio a year ago the 9th of Nov. I would rather live here than in Ohio. I and my brother, who is nearly eight years old, have lots of fun in the woods. I do not live in Canada, but in the United States. I have a friend living in S., Ontario. It may be some of the readers know her. Her name is Virgie Young. She is a cousin of one of my friends. I got acquainted with her when she was here to see her cousin. I go to school and am in the seventh grade.

LEONAH A. GUILINGER (10).

C.R., B.C.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed you will find three little articles written by children who live in the Northern interior of British Columbia.

E. J. LUFKIN.

CATCHING WILD HORES.

There are hundreds of horses running in the forests along the Cariboo Road.

Last fall my brother and an Indian were out hunting cattle when they came across a band of wild horses. They started to chase the horses, and the Indian threw his lariat at the horse he wanted to catch, but he missed the horse's neck. Then he let his rope go, and caught the horse by the tail, and held it while my brother caught it with his lariat.

The rope got so tight in a moment that they could not undo it, and the horse was choked to death right there. They went on for a little way and soon came to another band of wild horses.

They caught another, but he choked himself in the same way.

Not long ago an Indian passing through the woods saw a wild horse all alone. He chased him into a corral, and there lassooed him, but while running, the horse which the Indian was riding fell and nearly broke the rider's neck. However, he succeeded in bringing the horse home, and putting him in the field, but he jumped out, and so the Indian had his ride for nothing.

JOHNNIE BOYD (9.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A NATURALIST.

A naturalist, by the name of Mr. F. Coburn, came from England to collect birds for his museum.

During his stay on the Cariboo Road he had several adventures, one or two of which I shall relate.

On one occasion he went after some land gulls and their nests, about forty miles away. He took my brother as guide.

When they reached the place where the gulls were, they camped and started out with bare feet because they had to cross some water to get to the island. They got through the water all right, but when they were walking across the island there were so many rose bushes and stones that their feet got sore. They got bark and tried to tie it on their feet, but they had no string, and could not make grass hold, so they were obliged to go on without it. After a painful journey they reached the gulls. They managed to kill two; then they hunted for the nests, but all in vain, so they started for their camp with the two gulls, and stumbled over stones and bushes. Their feet were cut so badly they could hardly walk. They were very glad to reach their shoes and stockings, but they could hardly get their sore, swollen feet into them. Next morning they started for home. Just as they left their camp they saw a large eagle's nest with a field-glass. They thought it was on a low tree, but as they came near it they saw it was on a tree about eighty feet high, and four feet through.

Mr. Coburn did not want my brother to climb it, but he himself thought he could. He threw a rope to the first limb, which was twenty feet from the ground, and climbed to it, then threw the rope to the next, which was ten feet above. He climbed to that one, then the limbs were quite thick, so he got on faster. He told Mr. Coburn not to talk, and keep perfectly still, and at last he reached the top of the tree. He pushed the eagle's nest off with his shoulder, it was so large, and sat in the hole where it had been.

The three young eagles that were in the nest were dead before they struck the ground, but the old birds came back, and Mr. Coburn shot one of them. My brother got down safely, and Mr. Coburn gave him five dollars for being so brave.

They started again, and on their way home they killed a loon and it lay on the lake. They had no dog, so my brother swam out for it in a very deep lake.

They came home without any more adventures, and Mr. Coburn set at once to work to prepare the birds as the weather was hot, and they would have spoiled very quickly, and as it was he lost some.

While in B.C. Mr. Coburn collected about one hundred and fifty species, and all together about six hundred and sixty-six birds.

SARAH BOYD (11).

WILD GEESE IN CANADA.

The goose is a bird of various sizes. It can be shot at any time of the year; the reason for this being that they are very destructive to the wheat fields.

The goose is a rapid swimmer and will swim miles to get away, if possible, even when wounded, and will also run rapidly when it cannot escape in any other way. Another fact about the goose is that there is always a guard who stands upright with his neck stretched as thin as paper, so that no one can move near him without his seeing. It it always the male who does this.

Once, as I was riding on horseback through the weeds I spied a goose lying dead, bleeding furiously. I dismounted from my horse, picked up the goose, and, remounting, went on my way. Soon I came to a party of hunters, and asked if they had shot at any geese. They said 'No,' nor had they even seen any that day. I came home and asked another party which had reached home just before. They said they had shot at geese, and that it might be theirs. I gave it to them.

This goose was shot through the breast, and from what the hunter told me I learned that it had flown over a mile before it dropped dead.

WILLIE BOYD (14).

T. C.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a few lines to the 'Messenger.' I see so many letters from the girls and boys. I like to read them. I am eleven years old. I live on a farm. I have one grandfather and two grandmothers, and two great-grandmothers. One great-grandmother is ninety-one years old, and the other was a hundred years the 2nd of last October.

S. E. V.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Little girl in Sunday Best.' Minnie Cunningham, B., Ont.

2. 'Wee Pigie.' John Keith (9), M., Que.

3. 'The Fairy (boat)'. Jean McKercher (9), W., Ont.

4. 'Indian Wigwam.' Montague Lowell (10), P.

5. 'Two Warblers.' Warren O. Grant, P., N.S.

6. 'Rover.' Lottie Miller, A.M., Ont.

7. 'Come up to the Scratch.' Howard Rick, K., Que.

8. 'Woodcock.' Charlie Harris (10), H., Ont.

9. 'Our Public School.' Bert J. E. Imonds, (1), I., Ont.

10. 'A Sailing Vessel.' M.C., (11), B., N.S.

11. 'A Parrot.' Kate Rutherford (8), L., Ont.

12. 'Little Girl with Skipping-rope.' Gracie Mange (12), E., Sask.

13. 'The Old Homestead.' Lizzie McKercher (12), W., Ont.

IN THE NEW YEAR'S NUMBER NEW STORY BEGINS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Leland Sherman, Eugene, Ore., 50c.; Bella Hannah, Glenewen, 10c.; F. J. Mitchell, Glenewen, 10c.; Mable and Ruben Coleman, Glenewen, 10c.; May and Mary Mitchell, Glenewen, 20c.; J. R. Gordon Brander, Newcastle, 50c.; Gordon Atkinson, Westbrook, 10c.; Roy Hanning, Brookville, 50c.; total, $2.10.

Temperance

Strikes.

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right;
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight;
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame;
Strike right and left till you win a good name;
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile;
Strike off companions who often beguile;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the ax;
Strike off bad habits with troublesome tax;
Strike out unaided, depend on no lodge;
Strike without gloves, and with never a dodge;
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride;
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;
Strike, and keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

—'National Advocate.'

The Can and the Cannon.

At a farewell banquet given to a company of our soldier boys just before they left to fight in the Philippines, this true incident was related by a veteran of the Civil War. He was carrying a great can, full of whisky to be used as daily rations by the sailors, and was pulling away in his little boat when from the deck of the 'Black Hawk' high overhead came a voice.—'Young man!' He thus tells the story:

'I loked up. There, gazing down at me, with rebuke in his eyes, stood the commander of the fleet, Commodore Foote. I saluted.

'"Young man, what have you got in that can?"

'"Whisky, sir."

'"I thought so"; then, after a pause, "Young man!'

'I saluted again.

'"Look up here." I looked.

'"What do you see?"

'"A cannon, sir."

'"What does that cannon mean?'

'Now this questioning made me decidedly uncomfortable, and I scarcely knew what to reply, but those eyes demanded an answer.

'"It means death and destruction, sir," I ventured.

'He bent down over the guard rail and stretched out one forefinger toward the can in my boat as if he were taking aim at it, while the other he pointed directly to the cannon's mouth directly over my head.

'"Young man, this cannon here does mean death and destruction. It discharges a shot that weighs 64 pounds. Yet you, in that can of whisky there, are carrying more death and destruction to our soldier boys than this big gun will ever carry to anybody."

'I waited.

'"That's all," said the commodore; "remember it."'—'Endeavor World.'

Tobacco and Nervousness.

The following strong indictment of the tobacco habit appeared recently in 'Physical Culture':

'There are more nervous men in America at present than at any time in the history of our country. It is the American disease—this nervousness. Every physician has on his books, as patients, dozens of middle-aged men who are "run down," who cannot sleep, whose stomachs refuse to assimilate the food taken into them. The diagnosis in nine cases out of ten is "nervousness," and they attribute the disturbance to having kept the nervous tension "too tight" for a period of years.

'But this is not the cause.

'Not one in a hundred of the nervous breakdown reported touch any save the users of tobacco.

'Walk along the avenues of the city. The tobacco stores are as numerous as the liquor stores.

'Both are the great enemies of superb manhood.

'Drink has claimed its thousands, but tobacco has claimed its tens of thousands for weakness, misery and early death. The cup is sedulously kept from the lips of the immature boy by the law; but the infant may secure cigarettes and blast his physical powers with little hindrance.

'If the history of all the nervous breakdowns were traced, there would be a strain of nicotine through every one of them.

'Do you use tobacco? Is your appetite more to you than strong nerves, superb manhood, clear brain? If not, give it up.

'There are six great curses of this age: The corset curse that weakens womanhood; the curse of sexual ignorance that degrades humanity beneath the level of brutehood; the curse of muscular inactivity that causes many to droop and wither before their time; the curse of overeating that gives pain to so many and puts fees into the pockets of doctors; the alcohol curse that robs so many men of reason and all the qualities of manhood; and tobacco—vehicle of the great demon Nicotine, who has his shrines so thick along every city thoroughfare, its leaves spreading over so many thousands of fertile acres, more baneful than the cursed poppy that brings the langoursous sleep more awful than death.

'If you are growing up, don't let this curse fasten itself upon you. If you are in its clutches, strike boldly for freedom and manhood!'

How are we to Suppress Intemperance.

Many means have been tried and failed. These have palliated the evil, but they have not cured it. Personal abstinence we believe to be the only thorough cure and efficient remedy. It possesses a threefold power—Prevention, Reformation, and Preservation. If the omnipotence and value of Prevention were realized and acted upon, much misery, sorrow, wretchedness, and degradation would be unknown. Let those, then, who are untouched by the enemy hold fast their antipathy to drinking, and withstand all alliance with the drinking customs, and they will be through life practical illustrations of the power of Temperance as a preventive of drunkenness. Temperance is also a reforming power. Many know this in their experience. When, by the vice of intemperance, they were a shame to themselves and a disgrace to their relatives, by a word of sympathy and kindly persuasion they have been influenced to try personal abstinence. By acting on Temperance principles, by becoming members of a Temperance society, by associating with Temperance reformers, by working in the Temperance enterprise earnestly, actively, and prayerfully, they have resuscitated those gifts of mind with which they were endowed, and exerted them nobly for the benefit of others. It is also a work of Reformation. It is to be lamented when one falls out of the ranks by his own action. The resolution formed and the practice adopted has been departed from. The appetite for drink, self-created, is never eradicated. It may be silenced, it may be hid, but as certain as the man lives it is there. Give him intoxicating drink and it will again burst forth with irresistible force and power. He who has been addicted to intemperance and gives it up must touch not, taste not, handle not. How can the reclaimed find safety but in an abstaining community? We appeal, then, to all as Christians, philanthropists, patriots, and citizens to join our ranks, so that by abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State we may secure the extinction of drunkenness and promote those moral and social conditions in society which can alone give to the individual and the community that felicity and peace which make life here a pleasure and a fitting preparation for the life to come.—'Temperance Leader.'

Old Men and Women Do Bless Him.

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. D. M. Bye for his Balmy Oil to cure them of cancer and other malignant diseases. Out of this number a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of distance and infirmities of age, send for home treatment. A free book is sent, telling what they say of the treatment. Address DR. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 105, Dept. 418, Indianapolis, Ind. (If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.) (7)

HOUSEHOLD.

An Evening Thought.

Softly, as when a mother's hand
Tucks in her little ones at night,
The darkness folds the drowsy land,
And fades and fades the lingering light.
On velvet slope and glimmering fell
The tender shadows rest like love,
And wheresoe'er God's children dwell
His peace is shed their lives above.

God's children! Bird upon the bough,
And lambkin lying on the hill,
And wild goat on the mountain's brow,
And eagle where the great winds thrill,
And all the wayward, wandering ones,
The tribes of men, or near, or far—
God keep the whole; 'neath stars or suns
Where life is found God's children are.

If precious be the rocking nest,
And guard he hath for hidden lair,
Are we not yet more truly blest
And closer in His sleepless care?
So may we shut our eyes and sleep;
So may we have no tryst with fear.
The dear Christ stoops our souls to keep;
As Christ's own life, our souls are dear.

Lo! through the dusk I seem to see
The lifting of an awesome cross,
Where once He hung for you and me,
His ransom paying for our dross.
Lo! through the dusk I hear the song
That never ceases where they stand,
The countless, glorious white-robed throng,
Who praise Him in Immanuel's land.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Interior.'

An Idyl of Travel.

(Effie Kelly Price, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'I don't mind the days so much, for I can look at the people, and they keep my mind off thinking of him. But the nights are hard, for I can't keep from thinking,' a woman's

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" " " " " " " 'Weekly " " $1.40, " **$1.20.**

" " " " " " " 'World Wide,' " $1.90, " **$1.75.**

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Note—New subscribers will get the remainder of this year free.

Note Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

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voice was saying behind me. It was just after the great railroad strike of 1894, and the trains were crowded with delayed travellers. As I looked about me I saw that the coach which I had entered was full of people. I wondered whether the woman behind me was in trouble. And at that moment she came forward to share my seat, while the porter put her berth in order for the day. She was a large, plain woman, in a soiled brown travelling dress. After one or two remarks about the country and the weather, she said, abruptly:

'My husband and I are going to Springfield. We've had a long trip, and we're pretty tired.'

And she went on to tell me that they had come from Idaho, and were taking the body of their only child to be buried in Springfield, Mass.

'My husband's folks live in Springfield,' she explained, 'and we want to bury the baby there. We had to wait for the strike to break before we could bring him on.'

She evidently found it a comfort to talk. So I sat silent, for the most part, while she told me about the four-year-old boy, whose little coffined body was in the baggage coach ahead of us. Such a little box it was, when I saw it later!

All day, first to one fellow passenger, and then to another, the bereaved parents talked of the little fellow. His father, a small, dark, wizened man, dwelt continually on the boy's weight, his height, the size of his head. When we left the train to eat our luncheon, he came into the dining-room late, his face softened and reverent. 'They had to change it to another baggage car here, and they handled it very tenderly,' I heard him say to his wife.

Early in the afternoon a very young mother got on the train with her boy, a child of two years. The childless father and mother looked at the baby hungrily. It was not long before they were exchanging confidences with his girlish mother. They insisted that she should go out for some luncheon when the train made a brief stop, while they cared for the boy. It was pathetic to see them brooding over the laughing baby, the mother holding him while the father talked to him and played with him. When his little mother came back they urged her to take a nap—they would amuse the boy. And for half an hour they had him to themselves.

They were sadder when his mother bore him triumphantly off the train to meet his young father. Their loss seemed fresher, somehow, when the stranger baby was gone.

But we were nearing Springfield, and a great silence—the first silence of the day—fell upon them. We all understood the little box in the baggage coach was too near the end of its journey, for them, tired though they were with days and nights of travel. They must give it up soon and be strangely empty-handed and free from care.

As our long train moved slowly out of the Springfield station, I saw the little box lying on a baggage truck, the father standing beside it, with his hand resting protectingly on its lid.

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Selected Recipes.

We take the following recipe from 'Good Housekeeping':

Walnut Wafers.—One-half pound brown sugar, one-half pound walnut meats slightly broken but not chopped, three even tablespoonfuls of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of baking powder, one-third teaspoonful of salt, two eggs. Beat the eggs, add sugar, salt, flour, baking powder mixed in flour, and last the meats. Drop a small teaspoonful on well buttered pans, and bake until brown in hot oven. Remove from pans as soon as possible. Any other nuts may be used.

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